Problemys of olde lykneſſe and figures.
Whiche puyſ been fructuous of sentens
And haue auctorities grounded on scripture
By resemblance of notable apperannce
With moralitees concludynge on prudence.
Lyke as to the byble rehercith by writynge.
Holde trees somtyme chose them a kynge

Firſte in their chose they names alyue.
To reigne emong them Judicū bothe expresse
But he him self gan excuse blyue.
That he might nat forsake the fatnesse
Nor the figge tre her amorous ſwetenes.
Nor the Vyne tre his holsom fresſhe corage.
Whiche yeueth comforte to al maner of age.

And semblably poetes laureat.
By sythe parables ful conuenient.
Feyne that byrdes and beſtes of estate
As a tyol eglys and lyons by assent.
Sent oute writes to holde a parlement
And made the crye brefly for to say.
Some to haue lordeſhip and some to obeye

Eglys in the eyre beest to take their flight

Powder of bones on the grounde is seen.
Cedre emonge trees highest is of sight
The laurelle of nature is ay grene.
Of floures al floza ay goddesse and quene.
Thus in al thinges ther been diuersitees
Some of estate and some of lowe degrees

Poetys wryte wonderful lyeneesse.
And vndre couert kepe thym self ful close
They take bestes and foules to wytnesse
Of whose sayinges fables first arose.
And here I caste on my purpose
Oute of frenssbe a tale to translate.
Within a pamflet I rabbe late but late

This tale whiche I make of mencion
In grose reherceth playnly to declare
The grete prouerbes payes for the raunson
Of a lytel byrde taken in a snare.
Wonderful desirous to escape oute of care.
Of myn auctour folowynge the processe.
So as it felle in ozder shal expresse

Dowtpnne ther dwellyd in a smal vyllage.
As myn auctor maketh mencion.

A chorle Whiche hadde luste and corage
Within him self by diligent trauayl.
To araye his gardyn With notable apparayl
Of lengthe and brede ye liche square & longe
Hedged and dicched to make it sure & stronge

Alle the alyes were made playn With sonde
The benches couered With nelwe turues grene.
With the sote herbes and condutes at the hande
That Welled vp ayenst the sonne shene
Lyke vnto siluer or any cristal clene
The burbyl Waues in their vp boylynge.
Rounde as a beral their bemys out shelynge.

In mydes of the gardyn stode a fresshe laurel
Theron a byrde syngyng day and nyght.
With shynyng fethers brighter than gold wyre
Whiche With her song made yeuy hertes lighte.
That her to beholde it Was an heuynly sight
How towarde euyn and in the da Wnynge.
She dyd her peyne mooste amerously to synge

Esperus enforced her corage
To Warde elwyn When phebus went to West
Amonge the braunches to take her auantage.

To synge her compleyn and than to gó to reſt
At at the ryſyng of the quene alceſte
To ſynge agayn as it were her be we
Erly on morowe the day after to ſalewe

It was a very heuynly melody
Euyn and morowe to here the byrdes ſonge
And the ſwete ſugred armony
With vncouthe warbles & tones dralwe a longe
That al the gardeyn of the noyſe ronge
Tyl on the moro we whan titan by8 ſhyne clet
The byrde was trapped & caught in a pantere.

The chorl was glad that he the byrde has take
Wery of chere of loke and of vi ſage
And in al haſte he caſte for to make
Within his houſe a pretty lytel cage.
And with her ſonge to reioyſe his corage
Tyl at the laſte the cely byrde abrayde.
And ſoburly vnto the chorle ſhe ſayde

I am nowe take and ſtonde vndre daunger
Holden ſtrayt that I may nat fle.
A dieu my ſong/ my luſty notes clere.
Nowe haue I loſte my libertie.

Nowe am I thralle that sometyme was free.
And trust me wele while I stonde in distresse
I can nat synge nor make no gladnesse/

And though my cage forged were of golde.
And the pynnacles of beral and cristal
I remembre a prouerbe saide of olde
Who lesith his fredom he lesith alle
For I had leupr vpon a braunche smalle
Merely synge amonge the wode grene
Than in a cage of siluer bright and shene

Songe and pryson haue noon accordance.
Troldyst thou I wyl synge in prysone
Nay/ for songe precedith of ioy & plesaunce.
And pryson causeth deth ad distruction
Ryngyng of feters maketh no mery saunde.
Or who shulde be mery or iocunde.
Ayenst his wyl that lyeth in cheynes bounde

What auayleth a lyon to be a hynge
To be shyt vp in a toure of stone
Or an egle vndre strayt keppynge
Called hynge of foules euerichone
Fye on lordeshyp whan libertie is gone

Answere perto and let it nat asterte
Who syngeth merely that synge nat atte herte

But and thou wylt reioyse of my syngynge
Sufferme to go fre from al daunger.
And euery day in the gray morynge
I wyl repaire vnto thy lauer
And merely synge with lusty notes clere
Vndre thy chambre or afore thyn halle.
Euery season whan thou lyst me calle

To be shytte vp and pynned vndre brede
Nothynge accordeth to my nature
Though I wer fed with myll & wastel brede
And swete curdes brought to my pasture.
yet I hadde leuyr to do my besy cure.
Ely on morolde to shrappe in the walke
To synde my dyner emong the wormes smal.

The labourer is gladder at the plough
Ely on more ys to fede him with bacon
Than some man is that hath tresour enough
And of al deyntees plenty and foyson
And no fredam with his possessyon

To go at large but as a bere at a ſtake
To paſſe his bondes if he leue take

Take this aunſwere for a ful concluſion
To ſynge in priſon thou ſhalt me nat cõſtrain
Tyl I haue fredome in Wodes vp and dowine
To flee at large on bough rough a playne.
And of reaſon thou ſholdeſt nat disdeyn
Of my deſire but laughe & haue gode game
But he that is a chorl Wold eche were the ſame.
Wele quod the chorle ſith it Wol nat be.
That I deſire as by thy talkynge.
Wagre thy Wyl thou ſhalt chese one of thre
Within a cage mery to ſynge
Or to the hechyn I ſhal thy body bryng.
Pluche thy fethers that been bright and clere.
And after roſte or bake the to my ſoupere

Wele quod the byrde as to reſon I ſay nat nay
Touchynge my ſong a ful anſwere thou haſt
And Whanne my febers be pulled a Wey
If I be roſtyd and baken in a paſte.
Dy me thou ſhalt haue a ſmal repaſte
But and if thou Wylte Worke after my conſeil
By me thou maiſt haue greate auayl.

If thou wylt to my treasone assent
And suffre me to go fre from pryson
Without raunson or any other rent
I shal the yeue a notable guerdon
Thre grete wisdomes accordyng to reson.
More of value take hede what I proffre.
Than alle thy gold shyt in thy cofre

Truste me wele I shal the nat disceyue.
Wele quod the chorle tel on let see
Nay quod the byrde thou muste afore cõceyue
Who that shal techе of reason must go fre
It sytteth a master to haue his libertie.
And at large to techе his lessone
Haue me nat suspecte I mene no treason

Wele quod the chorle I holde me content.
I truste thy promysse whiche thou madest me
The birde fley forth the chorle was of assent
And toke her flight vnto the laurel tree
Than thought she nolde stonde I free
With nor panters I cast nat al my lyue.
Nor with lyme tuygges any more to stryue

Be is a fole that scapeth his daunger.

Broken his fetters and fled oute of prison.
To resorte/ for brent childe dredith fyre.
Ech man be ware of Wysdome and reasone
Of sugre strawed Whiche hydeth fals poyson
Ther is no poison Venym so plous of sharpnes
As is Whan it hath of triacle a lykenesse

Who dredith no peryl in peryl he shal falle
Smothe Waters ben oftentymes depe
The quayle pype can moste falsly calle
Tyl the quayle Vndre the nette bothe crepe
A slere yed fouler trust nat though he wepe
Eschewe his thomb of weping take non hede
That smalle byrdes can nyppe by the hede

And I that nowe suche daunger am escaped
I wyl be ware and afore prouyde
That of no fouler I wyl no more be laped.
From their lyme twygges I wyl flee fer aside.
Where peryl is grete peryl is to abyde.
Come nere thou chorle & herkyn to my speche.
Of thre Wisdomes that I wyl the teche.

Gyue nat of Wysdome to hasty credence
To euery tale and eche tydynge

But consydre of reason and prudence
Amonge many tales is many a grete lesyng.
Hasty credence hath caused greate hyndrynge.
Repoꝛte of tales & tydynges bꝛought by nelde
Causeth many a man to be holde vntrue.

Foꝛ one part take this of my raunson
Lerne the secounde grounded on scripture
Desire thou nat by no condicion
Throughe whiche is impossible to recure
Woꝛldly desires stonde in auenture
As who desireth to clymbe hye on loft
By sodeyn turne he falleth vnsofte

The thꝛid is this beware bothe euyn & moꝛow.
Foꝛgete it nat but lerne this of me
Foꝛ tresoure loste make no sayr to grete soꝛowe
Whiche in no wyse may recouered be.
Foꝛ who so taketh soꝛow foꝛ loue of any dege
Relyn his loue and ofter his payn.
And of one soꝛowe he maketh soꝛo wes [illegible]eyn

After this lessone the byrde began a songe
Of her escape gretly reiosynge
And remembꝛed also the greate wrouge.

Done bythe chorle firste at her takynge
Of her affray and her imprisonynge
Glade that she was out of drede
Saide vnto him louyng aboue his hede

Thou were quod she a very natural fole
To suffre me departe of thy leudnesse
Thou ought cõplayn & make dole
And in thy hert to haue grete heuynesse
That thou loste so passinge grete richesse
Whiche myght suffise by value in rehynge
To pay the raunson of a mighty kynge

Ther is a stone whiche is called a iacounce
Of olde engendred in myn entrayl
Whiche of fyne golde passith a grete vnce
Citryne of colour like a garnet of entable
Whiche maketh men victorious in batayl
And who soeuir berith on him this stone.
Is fully assured ayenst his mortul fone

Who that hath this stone in possession
Shal suffre no pouerte ne noon indigens
But of al treasoure haue plenty and foyson.
And euery man shal do him reuerence.

And noon enemye shall do to him offence
But fro thy hondes no We that I am gone.
Pleyn if thou Wylt for thy part is none.

If causeth loue it maketh men gracious.
And fauourable in euery mannys sight
It maketh accorde bit Wene men enuyous.
It oforteth sorofull it maketh heuyhertes light
Lyke to poyson in colour shyneth bright
I am a fole to tel al at onys
Or to teche a chorle the prpce of prccio' stones.

Wen shulde nat put a precious margarite.
As rubyes saphires and other stones ynde
Emeraudes nor rounde perles Whyte
A fore rude swyne that loue draffe of hynde
For a solde delyteth as I fynde
More in foule draffe her pigges for to glade
Than in al the pery that cũmeth of garnade.

Eche thinge draWeth to his semblable
Fysshes in the see bestes on the grounde.
The ayr for foules is cõmendable
And to the plough man for to tylle the londe
And a chorle to haue a muk forke in honde

I lese my tyme any more to tary.
Or to teche a chorle of the lapidary.

That thou hadde̅st thou gettyst nomore ayen
Thy lyme twygges and thy panters I despye.
To let me go thou were foul ouirseen
To lese thy richesse only of folye
I am nowe fre to synge and to flye/
Where that me lyste he is a fole at alle
That gothe at large & maketh him self a thral

To here of Wysdome thyn eres been deef
Lyke an asse that lysteth to an harpe
Thou maist go pype in any yue leef
For bettre is to synge on thornes sharpe
Than in a cage with a chorle to carpe.
For it was saide of folkes yere a gone
That a chorles byrde is ofter woby gone.
The chorle felt his herte at weyn
For very sorowe and asondre ryue
Alas quod he I may wele wepe and pleyn.
As a wrecche neuir lyke to the nor thryue.
But to morne in pouerte al my lyue
For of folye and of wylfulnesse
I haue loste holy al my richesse

I was a lorde I cryed oute on fortune.
And had greate tresoure late in my kepinge
Whiche myght hane made longe for to gtynne.
With that stone to haue lyued lyke a kynge
Or if that I hadde set it in a rynge
Borne it vpon me I hadde gode ynough
Me nedyd no more to haue goonto plongh.

Whanne the byrde herde the chorle thus morne.
And holde that he was heuy of his chere.
She toke her flight and gan ayen retorne
To warde him and saide as ye shal here.
O thou dulle chorle wisdome for to lere
That I the taught al is lefte behynde
Raced alwey and clene oute of thy mynde

Taught I the nat this wysdome in sentence
To euery tale brought vp a newe
Nat to hastely to yeue credence
Onto the tyme thou knewe that it were trewe
Alle is nat golde that shewyth goldisshe hewe.
Nor stones al by nature as I fynde.
Be nat saphyres that shewyn colour ynde

In this doctryne I haue loste my laboure

To teche the furthe pueibes of substance
Here maist thou se thy lewde blynde errour.
For al my body payseb in a balaunce.
Weyeth nat an vnce rude is thy remembrance.
I to haue more pepse closed in myn entrayl
Than al my body sett for the countertayl..

Al my body Weyeth nat an vnce/
Holde might I than haue in me a stone.
That peyseth more than doth a grete iaconce.
Thy brayne is dulle thy Wytte is almost goon
Of thre Wisdomes thou haste forgoten one.
For thou sholdest nat after my sentence.
To euery tale to gyne to hasty credence

I badde also be Ware bothe euyn and morow.
For thynge loste by sodeyn auenture
Thou sholdest nat make to moche sorowe
Whan thou seest thou mayst it nat recure
And heze thou faylest that doste thy besy cure.
In thy snare to cache me ageyn
Thou art a fole thy laboure is in veyne

In the thryd thou doste raue.
For I badde thou sholdest in no maner.

Couepte thynge Whiche thou mayst nat haue.
In Whiche thou haste forgoten myn empryse.
Thus I may say playnly to deuyse
That thou hast of madnesse forgoten al thre
Notable Wysdomes that I taughte the.

It were folye more With the to carpe
Or preche of Wysdomes more or lesse
I holde him mad that bryngeth forth an harpe
Theron to teche a rude dulle asse.
And madder is he that syngeth a fole a masse
And he is moste madde that doth his besynesse
To teche a chorle termys of gentylnesse

And semblably in apryl and in maye
When gentyl byrdes make ony mooste melody
The gucko We syngeth but one lay
Of other tones he hath no fantesye
Thus euery thynge as doth his specifye
As foules bestes of euery age
From whens they came thy take talage
The Syntener tretyth of his holsom Synes.
Of gentyl frutes dostith the gardener.
The fyssher casteth his hokes and his lynes.
To cache fisshe in euery fresshe ryuere.

Of tylth of lond tretyth the labourer
The gentylman tretyth of gentrye
And the chorle deliteth him in al rebaudry.

Alle one to the a faucon as a hyte.
As gode an oldle as a popingay
A donghyl duche as deynte as a snyte
Who seruith a chorle hath many a careful daye
A dieu sir chorle fare wele I fle my weye
For I caste me neuir henforth in my lyknynge
A fore a chorle any more to synge

ye folke that shalle this fable see or rede
Nelve forged tales I counseyl you to fle
For losse of godes take neuyr to great hede.
Nor be nat sorye for noon aduersite
Ne coueyt thynge that may natt recouered be.
And remembre where euyr ye goue
That a chorles byrde is euyr wobigone.

Vnto purpose this prouyd is ful ryue
Rede and reporte by olde remembraunce
That a chorles byrde and a knaues wyue.
Haue oftentymes grete sorowe & myschaunce
And who that hath fredom hath al suffisance.

For better is frendes Wyth lytel in gladesse.
Than to be thralle Wyth al Worldly richesse

Go lytel squyer and recōmaunde me
Unto my master Wyth humble affection
Desechynge hym lowle of mercy and pyte
Of this rude makyng to haue compassion.
And as touchynge the translacion.
Dute of frenssh ho We so it englissh ed be
Alle thinge is saide Vndre correctiop
Wyth suppo2tacion of your benignyte

Here endeth the take of the cho2le (t the by2d.
Empzentyd by me Richarde Pinson.